

Title: Seraphim History Bk.III

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I was happy as ever then,
our Rohan was back! But,
to my dismay, as the war
ended, and the Orcs were
driven underground, Rohan
returned, alive and yet
still dead. He came home,
tended to his armor and
weapons, and spoke little
about the war. He sank
back into his sullen pit
of memory, and donned
the color black, instead
of the bright hued purple
of his family colors.

Seeing this I knew he
was beyond our reach,
and wanted nothing to do
with us, or the larger
world unless some new
foe came to threaten. I
myself had found a new
foe, the Ice Daemons.
Regardless of whether
they were akin to those
that stole my Sasche's
soul or not, I hunted
them as vigorously as
any. In those bleak cold
caves of Ice I met one
who reminded me of Sas,
yet, was much different
and new. Her name was
Marissa, auburn haired,
fair skinned, a shapely
young maiden as I had
seen. I ran into her
several times and we
spoke often. I finally
came out of my witless
stupor, and realized I had
seen her many times
before that, at the east
bank. I introduced her to
Tragg and Sam, and all I
had become familiar with
around town. She found a
place within the clan, as

she was like-minded, fair of speech, and word. We all accepted her among us gladly. At this time I could easily veer off on many tangents, sparked by so many folks we have been touched by. Alas, this is not the time. I had joined a new guild made up of all tamers, and my time was devoted mostly to that. Terhan developed another skill problem and sulked off to debate the choices. Rohan stayed home mostly, and Doc managed to lose several vendors in succession. So it was, that I put my foot down and forbade him from any more outside business's. Bruce was focused on his endeavors, and the age passed on. A new age was fast approaching, and many changes paved the way for it's arrival. Many friends left the realm, and many new ones filled the voids left behind. So it was rumored, and discovered that the age of shadows was closing in upon us. Old enemies in new and horrible disguises arose, a new land lay opened to all who dared venture there, and with a horrible vengeance Yew was turned into a festering marshland. It wasn't long after that threat of Blackthorne had been squelched, Rohans younger brother Balor came to share news of his father, and sister Aurora. Balor and Aurora were the twins, and their birth spelled the death of their mother. Rohan although happy to see his brother, and hear news, was twice saddened by Balors arrival. For not only were there the

reawakened memories of his mothers death, but, the grim news of Fathers failing health. It was never spoken aloud, but during their conversations I pieced together some riddles of time. It seemed to me that the time about whence Father began complaining of ailments, was similarly the about the same time Rohan had suffered his loss of will. Balor was a fencer, and being young wasn't too concerned about training as his brother Rohan had been. He spent most of his time speaking with Rohan and catching up, which seemed in the long term, very good for Rohan. In this time I was Guildmaster of the tamers guild, and a Noble House Lord in the Kingdom of Stormhaven. The kingdom suffering the dread of the coming age began cracking from within, and all about the land chaos was prevalent. Disputes occured, a new threat came and although most allies were divided, we drove the evil Cromidor from the realm. The bickering continued amongst the Kingdom and it's allies, and I felt it was time to take the remainder of my Guild, to independence. We left Stormhaven, and took the name of the Free Tamers of Sosaria. Deeming it necessary to isolate ourselves from the deposed Lord British's realm of influence, we set our sights on the land of Malas. Rohan's family home was in Trammel, and he wished to remain there with Terhan and Balor. I

remained there as long as
I could until the new
Guildhouse was built, and I
purchased a home of my
own on Horseshoe Island.

Aurora and Father soon
came to this land shortly
thereafter. Aurora like
Terhan was an archer,
and Father was a
swordsman turned macer.

Seeing them as a united
family again was an
astonishing feat for all.

For none had ever
expected to see them all
together again. The
effects on Rohan and
Father were

simultaneously beneficial
to both, and Rohan once
again ventured out into
the world, and Father
took up his weapons and
set about to restoring
his old vigour with
training. Terhan, having
been so overwhelmed by
choices, finally took up
the family way, and
joined them as a
practicing member of the
new way of Chivalry.

Such was the regalness
of the Seraphims. Such a
family may never be
known in the realm again.

As for me, I finally
stepped down as
Guildmaster, and will go
on my ways. Having done
much in this world, and
still feeling I've done so
little, now is my time to
fade away into the mists
of time, and memory.

Bruce, Terhan, Balor, and
Aurora left this land to
return home. Rohan alone
remains now to fly the
family colors again. Doc,
having had enough of the
Seraphims views of the
Virtues, has taken the
path of Darkness. Last I
saw him, he was a Dark
Lord. So it is now, that
I end this tale of the

Serphim Family History.

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Addendum: I cannot imply,
nor express as strongly
as I would like to, the
importance of the people
you meet in this world.

So many faces and names
have passed before me
over time, each one a
strand in the long woven
tapestry of my life.

Without many of the
strands in my tapestry, I
fear I could never have
achieved so much here, or
could have had the great
privledge of knowing so
many wonderful folks. To
tell my entire tale in full
detail would consume many
volumes, just with names
of those who have left
an impact on my heart.

Alas, though my memory
fails me now, many names
have been forgotten, but
the name insomuch is not
as important as the
emotion stirred with the
memory.

There are many
characters I have left
out of this tale as well.
Some are well known,
others not so well known.
But all in all, behind each
characters face was my
own, my words, my deeds,
and as much as you have
known of them, so you
have come to know me. I
to this end, have become
to know you all as well,
through your acceptance
of my characters. For its
no wonder that you were
attracted to me, through
the same fibres and
process within
yourselves. My time in
this world is done, but
forever will I carry you
all in my heart.

Goodbye, and farewell my
friends, my treasures.

Sincerely,
Lord Ian Fallenhope.

